IS THIS TO BE THE PASSING OF DOCTOR SCHENK, WHO SOUGHT TO CONTROL SEX?

The Views of St. Louis Men of Medical Science.

An old nursery debate used to be along these lines: "What are little boys made of? Snips and snails and puppy-dog tails. And what are little girls made of? Sugar and spice and all things nice."

"Rebuke of Quackery in a High Place."

Dr. Funkhouser Has His Notions on the Sex Question.

Doctor W. G. Moore of No. 88 Vandeven-ter place declars a that he is glad that there for Schenk has been deposed, and that Nature Is Wise Enough Nature Is Wise Enough.

theory was anything but freational.

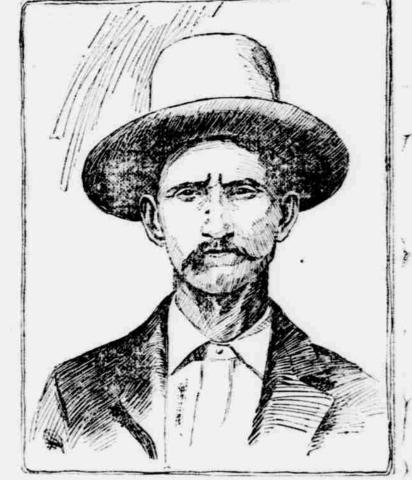
"Got His Deserts," Says Another.

that the government bottom H. Wheeler Bond of No. 280 Olive coef thing. Men who street is not a friend of either Doctor as in any way, and Schenk or his theory.

Speculation, Says Dr. McPheeters.

What the Parents of Boys and the Parents of Girls Have to Say.

fashions that I shall have to help to keep going? And, more than all, think of all the trousseaus I shall have to buy? And then, to, think of the fact that on the pages of history there will be nothing to show that I have done my duty in the matter of perpet-



ROBERT CRONE.

LOST PART OF HIS BRAINS, YET LIVES.

The Strange Happening That Last Week Befell Robert Crone of Nowata, I. T.

brain; and yet this remarkable man has

privilege of pasturing a wheatfield. An-

The shooting occurred about 5 o'clock in the evening. At 10 o'clock that evening poeter Sudderth, assisted by Doctor Hall of Coffeyville, removed a strip of his skull 2½ the hes while by 4½ inches long and about a half teacupful of brain matter, washing out the powder burns and abratism of out the powder burns and abratism of the years of the color, and still the pattern did not lose consciousness, nor has he at any time since. No stimplants nor opilates were given blin while performing the operation, nor were any heart stimulants given afterwards.

The next morning after the operation complexion, hine eyes, and of a rather nervous temperate, but of a rather nervous temperates that eventually but of the shooting and their gave himself up to the officers. Both men realize that their high temperate responsible for the misfortune. Should crome recover and retain his faculties as clear as they now are, his case will probably be without a parallel.

KEPT HIS PROMISE AND SLEW HIS CHILDREN.

Wm. J. Thomas, a Missourian, by Doing So Fulfilled the Vow He Made to His Dying Wife, Who Committed Suicide.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY BUSUBLIC. Poverty, coming late in life and necessipanied by disgrace, led Mrs. William J. Thomas to take her own life, On her dear bed she enjoined her husband to kill their gave the promise, but besitated in its excution for sixteen months. Then further adversity nerved him to the keeping of it. He killed his children, not their home on fire, shot blusself, and fell into the flames, to be cremated with the victims of his

The Thomasez lived in Livingston County. Missouri, Five yours ago they were wealthy, for the neighborhood. They had their own farm, their own stock and their own home. There were four children. The eldest, a daughter, married and moved away. Then adversity came, Misfortune wiped out the figures that were on the credit side of the Thomas balance short, and added to those on the debit side. The home was merigaged, the farm was mergaged, and then the morigines were fore

Turn which way he would. Thomas could not reach a path to the betterment of his fortunes. He imagined that the hand of every friend of his days of property we turned against him. He become more sensitive his sensitive nature grew more sensitive. In every voice that greeted him he found a sturing tene; in every offer of and he found a note of contemptaces potr. Toward was sour toward him, and he became sour toward the world.

Finally, in August, 1828, he was necessed at theft. Some hams and medianeses belonging to a neighbor were missing. For he hands accursed Thomas of the theft, and the stolen goods were found in the Thomas home. He was insed the further who presided at the trial being a neighbor and a former friend. That was the distribute that was added to instortune. It made the burgen too great for Mrs. Thomas to being, and she took poison. cen tee great for Mrs. Themas to bear, and she took poisen.

Before Mrs. Themas took the dese that was to end her life, she asked her bedomin to follow her example. But first he was to kill the three children of the family. While the parents were discussing the details of this deed the eldert con, Johnny, awake. He listenest for a few more his to the plans that were being half for ine taking of life and began to sob, Suidenly he sat up in bod with a scream which startled his parents.

niu. For are not noing to kill me, are You?"
The father went to comfort the boy, and, white he did no, the mother, feering to lenger healists, drank the policies. She fouchs off all effects to counteract the effects of the dran arts on her death, led refrected her languagetten that her higher



prongs of a pitchfork. He made other trips to the harn, and brought other heaps of hay to the house. This hay he scattered There was still a balance due the mort- It was still not late-not time for Johnny

HOW A LUNATIC SOLDIER TERRORIZED FORT MYER.

He Was Disarmed by a Cool-Headed Captain.

non and a pientiful supply of ammunition 4 until 5 o'clock in the afternoon he held the whole of the south end of the fort, as well as all of that portion of the town of Fort Myer, within a range of 359 yards of the barracks, in a state of abject terror, shouthur at every soul who came within range of the upper windows of the impromore persons at whom be that, and it is a him. miracle that he bimself was not killed in

Then he put a few share into two houses across the way from the harmeks, sheet-ing inductiminately at men, women and

which he had been imbiling, he would undoubtedly have hilled two or three of the
civilian inhabitants.

Meanwhile the demented man walked
from one end of the artic to the other,
stopping only long enough to shoot at any
person he happened to see. The men who
had seembled in the rooms below could
hear him walking to not fro, curring and
chattering to inmed. They gathered from
the fragmentary remarks which reached
them that Pavis imagined he was defending
a blockhouse in Cuta. "Have the First Jackson, the commandant at the fort; "It is a mercy and a marvel that Davis did not kill some one of the twenty-five or and the property of the matter had been reported to

turn by the failet which temperarily sergenni Mansheld. A detail of men under thing stated up the narrow, which gatasted up the narrow, which gatasted up the narrow which gatasted to the only approach to the atte in which Darts was. At the foot of

The great difference between the Anglian country person of 100 years ago and in the day when the regular officer and the regular solider were looked upon other than with respect has passed in this country. The regular solider were looked upon other than with respect has passed in this country. The regular solider were looked upon other than with respect has passed in this country. The regular solider were looked upon other than when on Thursday, December 14, the sharp "crack, erack" of the carbine in the sharp "crack, erack" of the crack in the south window of the sample character, that is the first land the dark of the crack in the sample character, that is the character, that is the first land the desired of the carbine in the sharp "crack, erack" of the carbine in the character, status and the carbine in the sharp "cra to-siay is well brought out in an article in

at the center of the crany man's skull. It went a little low, hit the magazine of Davis with a little low, hit the magazine of Davis with the little low. It the magazine of Davis with the little low hit the magazine of Davis with the little low. It the magazine of Davis with the little low. It the magazine of Davis with the first him this particular little low and are accurably one in a mill.

Davis was heard by the men below moving him the commanding officer of Troop B, the commanding officer of Troop B, the state of t

The Letter From Nellie.

Mr. B. Mercer Hartman sends us a very pretty song of the camp, called "The Let-ter From Neille." It recalls Bret Harte's